OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Campanian Folk-Verses.

(From the Italian.)

With a brunette I had engaged in quarrel

But thought I could clearly see my way.

To steal into my heart again, but no!

Thou makest my heart like a candle flame.

With sighs and groans I permeate the air

O, from the snow a lesson thou wouldst

And thou, so cold and hard, thou givest

Thou seest me dead and leavest me

I would I were transformed into a boy.

Fair ladies, will ye not some yater buy?

"It is not water, it is but Love's tears."

Alert and knowingly I would reply,

went into a new street yester eve.

Unto a maid a budding rose I threw.

The cunning mother noticed it at once.

"My daughter, dear, who gave this rose to

O, mamma, mamma, nothing wrong sup-

A neighbor girl presented me this rose."

Long before thou about such things

Embassadors they'd be! This heart

Intelligence to my beloved impart.

Into a hawthorn changed be would I:

My branches in this open 'd unfold.

Upon her little coat I would lay hold.

Then if my love should haply wander by

"My God! the hawthorn nolds me pris-

So long, my love, a prisoner remain,

A youth, sun-flooded by fair curls,

Whose eyes are clear and bright.

And footsteps quick and light.

Dim eye and failing breath,

Life would be most forlorn.

But lo, it is the withered husk

That holds the ripened corn.

Lord, for the lonely heart

Now, for the son of sorrow

For lives too bitter to be borne.

For the shame lip doth not tell, For the haggard suicide, Peace, peace, this Christmas-tide!

For the tempted and the torn.

Where lies the child of pain-

Of all neglected most-be fain

To enter, healing, and remain.

For those who cannot sleep

The tortured nerve find rest.

For the prisoner in the cell.

Whom this to-morrow Rejoiceth not, O Lord

Hear my weak word

Into the desert trod

Of that small room

I bow and pray;

A watch I keep;

At, Thy behest

By the long sick, O God!

Now, at the fall of day,

O let the starving brain

Be fed, and fed again;

I see the vacant chair-

Into the patient gloom

The rapid slope to death.

Who totters on his cane adown

If this were all from dawn to dusk

A Christmas Prayer.

Until we seek the church and freedom gain

With cheeks through which the warm lif

An old man with snow-drifted crown.

-S. P. W.

-Fred Leigh Pochin.

Alas, if sighs could only speak, what sweet

With water firkin then the streets I'd ply.

To that high house I'd go in my employ;

If I but hear the mention of thy name.

gain;

cleave.

here?"

you?"

Indianapolis.

whirls.

Spencer.

pray apart:

'X' is 'U'?"

Mrs. Samantha's Christmas Gathering.

If there was one thing above another which seemed particularly attractive and desirable in the eyes of Miss Samantha Dawson, spinster, it was family gatherings. Perhaps the very fact of her own life being bare and coloriess made them seem more beaultful than ever. She was thin, faded and forty; cheerless and alone. The past lay behind like an ario desert, and no bright star of hope illumed the future, toll and privation had been her lot in the past, and she had no reason to think it would be otherwise in the coming years; not a pleasant outlook 'ruly for one whose heart could, under the proper influences, blossom like the rose, and spend its fragrance of generosity, pity and kindness upon all who come within its radius, but, as I said before, Miss Dawson's life was bare. In childhood she had been denied a mother's care, no merry, frolicsome brothers and sisters had grown up with her, side by side, and the reason for all this was apparent, for Miss Samantha was a foundling. Many years before she had been picked up on one of the principal thoroughfares of a large city, wandering aimlessly around, evidently terrifled by the bustle and noise, for the tears were streaming from her eyes and the same forlorn expression on her face which had remained with her through all these years. She was placed by the authorities in an orphans' home and kept there until large enough to be bound to a widow, who taught her sewing, and with whom she remained, serving her faithfully until the day of her death. It was without any deep feeling of regret that Miss Samantha saw the widow shuffle off this mortal coil, for she had been a hard and unsympathetic mistress who never missed a chance of upbraiding her and reminding her of her dependent position. With many qualms and inward quakings Miss Samantha went into business for herself. She rented a little room in a respectable tenement house, and hung out her modest sign, "Samantha Dawson; Fine Sewing by Hand or Machine." She also inserted an advertisement in one of the leading papers, which she hoped would bring her the much-needed patronage. It was with feelings of real satisfaction and pride that she viewed the sign when it was sent home. She stood it on the mantelpiece and oked at it, first in front, then from the side; then she passed rapidly by to see if it would attract the eye of pedestrians. It certainly was a pretty thing; quite a work of art; letters of silver upon a black background; it seemed a pity to hang it out in the weather, and she wondered if it would be advisable to take it in at night. She really enjoyed the little thrill which passed through her at seeing her name for the first time in print. But, alas, the sign which appeared to her so alluring did not attract the crowd of customers she had hoped for. though she waited long and patiently, and the little leaves of hope begun to wither on their stem, when late one afternoon there came a gentle knock at the door. Miss Samantha opened it with many heart flutterings. A beautiful and fashionably dressed lady confronted her, who smiled in a reassuring way at seeing Miss Samantha's trepidation. "Is this Miss Dawson, the seamstress?" said the lady. "No, thank you, I'll not come in, as my carriage is waiting below. I see by your advertisement in the Journal that you are an adept with the needle, and I have some fine sewing to be done at once, as I am going abroad the first of the year; so I came to see you personally to impress upon you the importance of having it done immediately. and I hope you are not too busy to accommodate me." "Indeed, I am not, ma'am." said Miss Samantha, honestly. "I'll be just too glad of the work, and I know I can please you. Leastways, I'll try my very "Then you may come to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock," said the lady. "Here is my card, the address is on it also. Good evening." And she swept away, leaving behind her a faint perfume of violets. Miss Samantha could not really tell whether it was that or the sweet face of the lady which left such pleasing effect upon her. She took the card to the window and eagerly examined the address. "Mrs. J. Percival Carleton, 348 Clivedon Terrace." "Clivedon Terrace," ejaculated Miss Samantha; "why, that's where all them fine houses is. None but the very richest folks live there. Well, well, to think I've got work at last, and she said there was a good deal of it, too. I reckon I won't go hungry Christmas day after all." It was such an event to her that she set about getting her tea and toast with a glad heart, and before she knew it she was singing quite cheerily in a thin,

"Ye dwellers in the dust, Awake, come forth and sing; Sharp has your frost of Winter been, But bright shall be your Spring." She could scarcely sleep that night for thinking of her good fortune. The next morning she wended her way to Clivedon Terrace, starting early, for it was a long distance, and she never dreamed of treating herself to the luxury of a cable car, for she often observed to herself "every penny counts."

highly pitched voice:

There were beautiful houses on each side of the broad street; lovely lawns, now white with snow and sparkling with myri- "Why, Lord bless you, yes," said Mr. Podad diamonds in the winter sunshine, lay gett, "and I'll be there right on time, before her. She eagerly scanned each dressed in my Sunday best." number. Some of the houses set so far The next day was Christmas. It was back it was difficult to make them out. crisp and fair. Every tree was a Christ-Here it was at last. No, that was 338. A mas tree, laden with snow. The church few steps further yet. Ah, here it was. bells rang out grandly, "Glad tidings of A handsome, gray stone dwelling, with great joy." an ample lawn, and a curving driveway. Excitement was great in the tenement Its entrance guarded by two great stone lions crouching on each side of the large port of happiness that she had to pinch hergate. Yes, indeed, thought Miss Saman- self two or three times to make sure she tha, nervously pulling her dingy little was not dreaming. She had acquired quite a shawl more closely about her. "This is little air of importance and a new light just the kind of a house I knew she'd live shone in her eyes. The table was a long between the two rows of tall poplars which was covered by two cloths which Mrs. Mclined each side, and ascending the steps, Mullen had borrowed for the occasion, and timidly rung the bell. A pert boy in livery was decked with sprigs of holly on which opened the door, and partly closed it again glistened shining red berries, when he saw little Miss Samantha, shrinking and shabby.

come to sew for Mrs. Carleton," Miss Sa- | semble. All that little Percival had desigmantha made answer. "Well, you should nated and a good many more. Last of all 'ave went to the servants' hentrance. Wot came James Podgett, Esq., arrayed in a on earth do you mean by coming in 'ere?" brand new suit of large gray plaid, a green "I'll do so to-morrow, if you'll be kind necktie, and a red silk handkerchief peeped enough to show me how to get to it," said | coquettishly from his coat pocket. Miss Samantha, weak with fright, "See thet you do, then," said the boy; "but come most cordially, invited them to dinner. in this way now, and I'll send word up They passed into the dining room two by to the missus." She entered the large hall, two, in great solemnity, quite overcome and, nervously seating herself, waited some | by the grandeur of the occasion. But when time. At last a neat-looking maid servant | they saw the table which fairly groaned appeared and announced that Mrs. Carle- beneath its weight of good things, two ton was in the nursery and would see her turkeys, cranberry sauce, mince pies and there. She accompanied the girl upstairs all the other adjuncts of a first-class Christto a large and cheerful room filled with mas dinner, their tongues soon loosened

light the heart of childhood. Mrs. Carleton spoke kindly to her. "So you are here on time, Miss Dawson. I tinual state of exhiliration by his sly and see I may depend upon you. Lay aside witty sayings, and his eye rolled and twinkyour bonnet and shawl, and I will show led so that Grandmother West remarked, you what work I have for you to do." A "it, alone, was enough to make a body little child with long, golden curls lay laugh, let alone him being so comical hisupon a couch, and regarded her curiously, | self." with beautiful mournful eyes. "What a pretty boy," said Miss Samantha. "Indeed, he is," answered Mrs. Carleton. "This is little Percival, our only child. I entertaining, the guests departed, and the always call him baby, though he is nine | sun went down on the very happiest day years old." The boy arose as his mother of Miss Dawson's hitherto dreary life. spoke, and Miss Samantha's eyes filled with tears. Little Percival was a hunch-

goods, fine and sheer, and yards upon the fire, conversation has lagged and she done. So try your best, Miss Dawson. You may sew in here if you would like. It is bright and cheerful, and Percival likes to meet strangers. I think you will

soon be friends." So saying, she left them. Miss Samantha sewed with a right good will day after day she spent with Percival in the nursery. They got along famously. She told him of the people who lived in the tenement house. The one-legged shoemaker who sang at his work. Old grandmother West, who wore two pair of spectacles, and who, winter and summer, kept the door open, "just for a bit of fresh air;" and of the two little orphans who sold papers and lived with Mrs. McMullen, the washerwoman. He was never tired of hearing of them. By and by she grew quite confidential, and he was much interested in her own lonely condition, and thought it strange she did not even know think." said he. you've been lonely ever since. It's too bad." He thought a moment, and added, "This

you were a little girl, and will not be a happy Cristmas for you, will it?" No," said Miss Samantha, "I can't say it will, for, as I've often said before, I'm a mighty to crave for family gatherings, on festive occasions, and I never was at one in my life and it seems like the older I get the more I long for 'em.' This seemed to make a deep impression

on Percival, for he sat in silence quite a long time for him, as he was a great little talker. Just what his thoughts were, I cannot tell, but, presently, he said, "If you really want a family gathering so badly, why don't you have one?" "Why, law me, child," said Miss Samantha. "How you do talk. There's two reasons for it, and very good ones, too, they be." "What are Boston Transcript. they?" said Percival. "First, I haven't got the family, and second, I haven't got the money." "Weil," said the child, "it really is too bad that you can't have what you! want. I'm just a little boy, and I have everything I can think of, and a great deal I do not think of, but I'm not selfish, for mamma says that would be wicked. But sometime, maybe, you'll get into a family of your own." "No, child, never, never," said Miss Samantha, with quite a touching cadence in her voice. A day or two before Christmas she fin-

ished the work, and it was with feelings of much sorrow that she bade little Percival good-bye. He stood by eagerly as his mother paid her the well-earned money. Then he sprang forward and said, "Now, now, mamma, give it to me. Here is my Christmas present to you, Miss Samantha," and he placed in her hand a shining gold coin. Miss Samantha stood aghast at sight of it. Then she stammered, "O my dear can't. I don't deserve it." "Yes you do," him?" said the child quickly, "and I'll tell you what I want you to do with it. I want you to have a real family gathering on Christmas day. I told mamma how you always wanted to be in one, and how lonely you've always been, and she helped me plan it all, and you must invite the people you told me about, who live in the house with you and are too poor to have any Christmas. You know who they are-the one-legged shoemaker and Patsy Flynn and the two little orphans, and all the rest. Now, promise me you will do it, and sometime you must come and tell me all about it." "Yes, promise him, Miss Dawson," said Mrs. Carleton. "He has set his heart upon it, and we never disappoint him." "I will, I will," said poor Miss Dawson, tremulously. "God bless you. You are the very sweetest little boy I ever saw." At this point her feelings overcame her, and she hurried away. Down the long drive into the street she passed, fairly flitting along, so happy was she made by the first kind words and generous deed which had ever been bestow-

The next day she called Mrs. McMullen and unfolded the joyful news. They formed a partnership on the spot. She was to furnish the provisions, and Mrs. McMullen was to borrow all the dishes possible, and together they would produce the finest Christmas dinner ever recorded

The invitations were delivered verbally and accepted likewise. The whole tenement was in a state of high glee over the coming festivities. The day before the grand affair Miss Samantha went to the little grocery around the corner to make a few last purchases. The proprietor, James Podgett, Esq., as he always styled himself, was a jolly little fellow with a very red face and one eye, over which he had apparently lost control, for as he said himself, "it looked six quite possible to so arrange flowers in a ways for Sunday." "Well, well, Miss Dawson," said he, "so your are really going to have a Christmas gathering. That's right nice now, ain't it? I'll make bold to say it's a thing I've always looked upon with much favor, and have often thought I would admire to take part in, but I'm like yourself. | flowers open and shut at the times named, alone in the world and never had the frequently to the minute. The common chance" This last remark touched Wiss At last she reached the Terrace, the Samantha to the heart. "Well, sir," said most fashionable quarter of the city. she, actually blushing over what she considered her own boldness, "might I make so free as to ask you to join us to-morrow?"

nouse. Miss Samantha was in such a trans-She passed hurriedly up the walk one made by placing three together, and the result of their experiment to the world.

Miss Samantha flitted here and there like a little snowbird. At last all was ready, "Wot is it you want?" said he. "T've and after while the guests began to as-

Miss Samantha, after greeting them all every conceivable toy, with which to de- and conversation and good fellowship

reigned supreme. James Podgett, Esq., kept them in a con-

After a hearty meal and an hour or two with the other to see which could be most

Yes, the guests departed, but the memory of Miss Samantha lingered in the breast back. "Ah, Miss Dawson," said the moth- of James Podgett, Esq. He was so charmed er, quick to read the look of sympathy, by her gentleness and kindness and the "he is so happy and patient and good, and | dignity with which she presided over the we are going to take him across the big | Christmas dinner that he had a longing ocean to see a famous doctor, and when to see her again. Accordingly he called, and he comes back we hope he will be well and | each time he called he discovered somestraight and strong. Now, here is your thing new to be admired in her and at the to gain or lose either by taking or by work," and she brought out piles of white last one evening they were sitting before leaving it.

yards of dainty laces and embroideries. saw James Podgett's eye begin to roll and These are to be waists for Percival, and twinkle in such a frantic manner that she asked him, "Are you thinking of anything particular, Mr. Podgett?" "Well, yes, Miss, Dawson, I am, and I'll just tell you what it is. I've been thinking that I'm lonely and you're lonely, both in the same boat, you see, and we might just as well put an end to it by you becoming Mrs. James

Podgett, Esq., that is, of course, provided you're agreeable." "La, me," gasped Mrs. Dawson, "this is dreadful sudden, but now since you put it so plain before me, I believe I am agree- A little maiden, one cruelly fair,

This all happened long ago, and Miss Samantha, or rather Mrs. Samantha, now has a family gathering every Christmas of her very own, but there has never faded from her mind the face of a little child The snow is cold, yet to the hand will golden curls and beautiful tender eyes, who has long since gone to help the angels sing: "Peace on earth, good will to HELEN JAMES JACKSON.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An Unfortunate Present.

Mamma-Oh, Johnnie, are you going break all your toys? There, he's trying open that bank again! Papa-First thing we know he'll gro

Devotion.

Chicago Record. "Mrs. Brisque is devoted to her dead hus band, isn't she?" 'Yes; she goes to the cemetery twice a week to throw away the flowers his two other wives put on his grave."

No Cause for Alarm.

Detroit Free Press. He-Were you alarmed, darling, when I cissed you so suddenly in the conservatory Darling-Not a bit. I rather thought it was you.

She Loved Him.

He-Do you love me well enough to be my She-More than that. I love you enough to be your mother. Haven't you As messengers would send them and heard that I'm going to marry your Intelligence to my beloved impart

Adding Insult to Injury.

Old Lady-That parrot I bought of Bird Dealer-Ah, mum, you should be werry careful what you sez afore it; it's astonishing how quick them birds pick up

Very Large, Indeed. Chicago Record.

"Poor Brown must have been terribly in-

"What makes you think so?" "That close-fisted old fellow Jorkins says the wound looked to him to be about the

His Puzzling Case.

"There goes young Van Doodle over there; did you hear that he tried to blow "No; did he succeed?" "They don't know."

The Way They Often Start.

Harper's Bazar. Mamma-Billy, what do you and Tommy Jones mean by fighting so? What would you think if you saw Mr. Jones and your papa acting that way Billy - That's what we were fighting about. I bet that my papa could lick Tom-my Jones's papa, and then Tommy got mad, and that's the way the quarrel began.

If Talk Were Money.

Chicago Post. The sporting man was angry. "Money talks," he exclaimed. 'but the rule isn't reversible

"What do you mean by that?"
"Why, all that talks isn't money. If it were there'd be untold wealth in the prize

Rejecting Long Chances.

Brooklyn Life. Miss Bryn Mawr-Why did you disconinue your college course? Miss Vassar-Forty per cent. of the wom-en who take the higher education do not marry.
Miss Bryn Mawr-Well?
Miss Vassar-Among the uneducated the

odds are 50 per cent. less. A Holiday Disadvantage.

Washington Star. "It's real mean," she sobbed; "I ought to have had a college education like those

'Why, what's the matter, dear," asked "I had to give up and let them pass me in the crush for the bargain counter just because they have studied football and I haven't.

and 8:30 at night, respectively, for those

fast or slow, acording to the longitude

over. The sowthistle opens at 5 a. m. and closes at 11-12 a. m. The white lily opens

at 7 a. m. and closes at 5 p. m.; the pink

opens at 8 a. m. and closes at 6:30 p. m. In the towns few people know about such details as these, nor are the flower clocks

often seen anywhere, though they have been constructed occasionally. Even in

take their dinner hour from the sun, or,

failing that, from the yellow goat's beard,

which is never mistaken, whether it can

it is to be hoped they will communicate

A Popular Fallacy.

There is a widespread impression among

medical men and the public at large that

there is little or no danger attending the

removal of the tonsils, and instruments

for this purpose are found in the posses-

removing the tonsils is an operation at-tended with a great deal of risk. One rea-

there is danger of approaching near the large arteries, or, at all events, tapping

son for this seems to be that in cutting

small veins that may cause alarming

hemorrhage. This physician gives an ac-

he came very near losing his patient.

is as well to be very wary in cutting the

tonsils at all, and not to operate upon

them unless it is absolutely necessary,

and then only remove a sufficient surface to relieve the mechanical obstruction caused by their enlargement.

The Editor's Position.

An editor, however humble his gifts, soon

learns-what some of his correspondents seem to find it difficult to understand-that

a periodical is not an eelemosynary institu-

ion nor a mutual admiration society; that

it cannot safely be conducted on motives of

friendship or philanthropy; that it is "run" for the benefit of its owners and its readers, and only inicidentally for that of contributors. Writers exist for the public, not the

public for the writers; the writer is entitled

supplies matter likely to be attractive or

profitable to the public. The magazine could not go on without contributions, but

no particular contributor is essential to it.

weigh very lightly with an editor. To ac-

cept an article out of kindness, fear, or fa-

others will come forward to take his

simply to oblige the writer, however

or however renowned, is excusable when the question of initrinsic value

F. M. Bird, in Lippincott.

almost every practitioner in the

New York Ledger.

days, however, farm servants often

Father of souls, prepare My poor thought's feeble power For the empty, aching home Where the silent footsteps come, Where the unseen face looks on, A Flower Clock. Where the hand-clasp is not felt, Harper's Round Table. Where the dearest eyes are gone, Where the portrait on the wall An English journal contains the follow-Stirs and struggles as to speak; Where the light breath from the hall Calls the color to the cheek; Where the voice breaks in the hymn, garden that all the purposes of a clock will be answered. In the time of Pliny When the sunset burneth dim: Where the late, large tear will start, Frozen by the broken heart; shut at certain hours of the day, and this Where the lesson is to learn nber has since been largely instance, a bed of common How to live, to grieve, to yearn, How to bear, and how to bow-O the Christmas that is fled!-Lord of living and of dead, would show when it was 5:30 in the morning

-Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. The Captain's Secret There was bay upon his forehead yellow goat's beard shuts at 12 o'clock There was glory in his name; absolutely to the minute, sidereal He had led his country's cohorts time-that is, when the sun attains its highest altitude. Our clocks do not follow Through the crimson field to fame, Yet from his breast at midnight, When the throng had ceased to cheer, He took a faded blossom the sun, but are generally a few minutes of the place where they are. The goat's beard, however, is true time all the world

Comfort Thou!

And kissed it with a tear.
A little faded violet,
A bloom of faded hue; But more than fame Or loud acclaim He prized its faded blue.

We have all a hidden story
Of a day more bright and dear;
We may hide it with our laughter, It will haunt us with a tear. And we've all some little keepsake Where no eye can ever mark, see the sun or not. Should any of the readers of the Round Table test the accu-racy of this singular time-keeping garden And like the great commander,

We kiss it in the dark. A little faded violet, Perchance a loop of gold, A gift of love We prize above

All that the earth can hold.
-Samuel Minturn Peck. I Laugh Lest I Should Weep. come from realms where dreams are rife From stillest death to saddest life, From eyes still vexed with sleep; press the hair as children may, The tangled locks gone all astray, And laugh, lest I should weep. land. An eminent surgeon declares that

> Back from the night I turn my face, Out of the dark, ghost-haunted place, With slow, tired feet I creep; seek the fair, unclouded day Where birds may pipe and children play, And laugh, lest I should weep.

count of the removal of the tonsils from the throat of a boy, when he was obliged work through all the sunlit hours, to hold the parts with his fingers for sev-Mid breaking hearts and blooming flowers eral hours to arrest the hemorrhage that Though scant the dole I reap. threatened the youth's life. Having no appliances at hand for checking the hem-Friends pass and cry in envious way-"Her heart is light, for who so gay?" orrhage, which was entirely unlooked for, Ah, friends, it were too sad to say, "I laugh, lest I should weep." general practitioner is warned against too -Mary Riddell Corley, in Boston Transuse of these instruments; indeed, it

When Lips Are Dust. Love, if I love thee best in time and space, I love thee not at all: I love a phantom standing in thy place, Something that wears the semblance of thy

And answers indistinctly to my call. Love, if thou lovest but what thine eyes see, It is not I, not I, But simply some necessity in thee Seeking a satisfaction that may be As ample in another by and by, Love, let the heavens tell us what love is: Not passion's fitful gust, Not a mysterious evanescent bliss

Request.

Spent in the lightning of a burning kiss, But the soul's life that stays when lips are dust. -Anne L. Muzzey.

If we should meet, in mercy pass me by, Give me no word, no greeting as you go; There's so much between us that must die, Pass on in silence; it were better so. Touching your hand the past would live We are not strong enough to bear this pain,
So pass me by with silent, downcast eyes.

—Black and White.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Great Britain pays the continent up-wards of 14,000,000 pounds a year for sugar and makes not an ounce. All the rivers which flow into the Arctic ocean are frozen solidly to the bottom dur-She intrigued with a shameless, wanton feling about six months in every year. All the chickens in the western part of French Guinea are perfectly white. It is impossible to find one with a colored My love for her was done that very day. I French impossible than she, returned, thought with two little feather.

It is computed that there is 800,000,000 pounds sterling worth in gold and jewels at the bottom of the sea on the route between England and India. Locked is my heart and hidden is the key: Who, once without, no more within can go.

A section of Tom Paine's brain is on exhibition in London. The Pail Mall Gazette says that it is quite black and "looks like a chunk of iron pyrites.' There are no undertakers in Japan. When

a person dies his nearest relatives put him into a coffin and bury him. The mourning loes not begin until after burial. When the tomb of the great Emperor rederick, who died in 1250, was opened in 1780, his coronation ring, set with a beautiful emerald, was still found upon his

A footman in an English nobleman's house testified recently that his regular pay was \$250 a year. He also testified that his average "tips" amounted to \$3,000

a year The largest gold coin in existence is said to be the gold ignot, or "loof," of Annam. It is a flat, round piece of gold, worth about £63 in English money, having A maiden might look down to me and sigh, "Who is the fellow that brings water its value written upon it in India ink. Protect the mattress by laying over it an old blanket, which is far better than a

sheet, because, being woolen, it absorbs perspiration without giving a chill, and also can be aired more easily than cotton. There are at present two Chinese girls who are studying medicine at the University of Michigan. One of them, Miss Shie, has been elected secretary of the senior class. The ultimate object of these women is to return to China as Christian medical missionaries. The river Euphrates flowed through the city of Babylon, and on each side of its banks the walls of the city were carried up to a height as great as at any other point, so that even during a siege the city was formidably defended on the river as "My child, wouldst make believe that

on the land side. Some people have been making a count and find that not one of the State Gover-nors in the United States is a Roman Catholic. There are no Roman Catholics in the Cabinet, and very few in the Senate, none in the Supreme Court, and there never has been one in the White House.

A fierce but somewhat funny war waging in Pontiac. Mich., where the Salvation Army has its headquarters in the same building with a saloon-the former upstairs and the latter on the ground floor. Every man who wants a drink has to run the Confounded, she would turn and cry in

Japan so rich may be noticed everywhere. The dust of charcoal is gathered up and mixed with chaff of wheat, barley and other grains, and with chopped straw. It is then moistened into paste, rolled into balls about as big as a billiard ball, and makes excellent fuel.

There are several royal mottoes. Dieu et mon droit—"God and my right"—was first used by Richard I, A. D. 1193. The Bohemian crest, viz., three ostrich feathers and the motto Ich dien—"I serve"—was adopted by Edward the Black Prince at the battle of Cressy, the King of Bohemia being slain in that battle, 1346.

It seems about the limit of folly to hide money in a stove and leave it to the risk of fire, but even that line was passed by some unknown imbecile near Norway, Ga., who stored a lot of cartridges in a stove. A woman started a fire in the stove one day last week and the cartridges exploded, destroying the sight of one eye and other-wise injuring her.

George Muller, of Bristol, England, reorphan houses, which are known all over the world, have been wholly supported by "prayer and faith" during the sixty-one years of their existence. He has received for them altogether the sum of \$6,866,743, and has provided for the maintenance and instruction of 120,763 children.

The London Times of July 18, 1797, gives the following example of the trade in wives: "On Friday a butcher exposed his wife for sale, in Smithfield Market, near the Ram Inn, with a halter around her neck and one about her waist, which tied her to a railing, when a hog drover was the happy pur-chaser, who gave the husband 3 guineas and a crown for his departed rib."

For two years Michael Gartland, a war veteran in New Haven, Conn., labored hard to secure a pension. Last week he died. A few days after his death a government letter was received at the New Haven postoffice, saying the application for a pension was granted. As Gartland leaves no heirs, the pension money, which aggregates over \$4,000, reverts to the treas-

M. Wilson, conductor on the Chicago, Mil-waukee & St. Paul road, was hurt in a peculiar manner. He had a long, sharp lead pencil in his hand, and got off with it at Herricon to get orders. Running along he collided with a boy on the platform with such force as to force the pencil through his clothing and into his stomach. A bad wound was inflicted, and it is feared that the internal injury may result seriously.

THOMAS HARDY.

Personality of England's Greatest Living Novelist.

Letter in Boston Transcript. Though he is neither listless nor languid Hardy's appearance is that of a man wh has lately recovered from an illness. His cheeks are slightly sunken and his skin is sallow, speaking of sendentary labors, the midnight lamp, and of a constitution that could not support the sustained strain of an arduous task. Yet his eyes tell another tale and possess that phosphorescent light that indicates energy. The solution of these contradictory marks must be that he is mentally as robust as he is physically delicate, or it may be that his strong mind has sometimes to struggle against the drooping of the body.

Hardy is neither tall nor commanding in stature. His manner is free from nervous-

ness, showiness, or excessive movement; in-deed, a tranquil, thoughtful spirit is char-acteristic of him, and there is nothing in his presence that is strong enough to in-timate the quality of his mind. The most that can be said is that his face is exceedingly keen and clever. His bronzed hair, now tinged with gray and brushed back, is becoming thin. His slender mustache adds point to his finely modeled features. Although spare in type, his shoulders are broad and give him the appearance of being larger than he is when he is seen sit-

As is the case with many English writers. Hardy lives in the country and comes to London once every year for a few weeks to brush away the cobwebs by contact with men who keep the rust from their steel and the tarnish from their silver. Hardy's quiet home is not far away from the pretty little town of Dorchester, in Dorchestershire, his

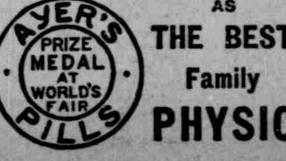
home is entirely the work of his own hands. Every room, window and hall, every alcove, cupboard and doorway is designed to suit his own and his wife's fancy. The house stands on a small piece of land, and is surrounded by a few acres of garden and lawn. The manner in which the land came into his possession is interesting. The particular piece of ground he wanted was part of a large tract belonging to a land company, of which the Prince of Wales was president. Though the Prince did not know Hardy personally, he greatly admired his work. On one occasion the directors of the land company met, the Prince presiding. and when the report was read Mr. Hardy's application for a few acres was alluded to, but merely incidentally, with the remark that it would, of course, have to be declined. The Prince said: "What Hardy is it? Not the author?" "Yes; Thomas Hardy," was the reply. "Then why not let him have the few acres?" said the Prince. "He would not have asked had he not set his heart on the spot. Yes; let him have them."

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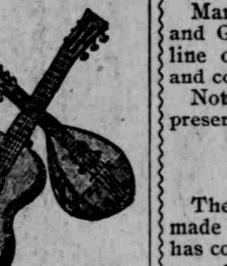
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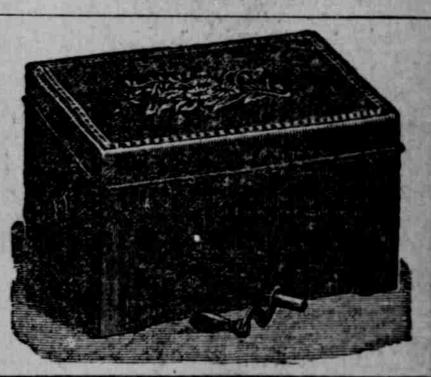
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